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THE BYSTANDER
October 23, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Spencer Tracy As America's Great Inventor

To Spencer Tracy came the part of Thomas Alva Edison, the famous inventor, in the film *Edison, the Man*. Directed by Clarence Brown, it is a sequel to *Young Tom Edison* and tells the story of the inventor's life from youth to the time of his Golden Jubilee of Light. Spencer Tracy, as the eighty-two-year-old Edison, delivers his Jubilee speech with such skill that the critics acclaim his performance as the best he has ever given on the screen. After completing the film, Tracy received from the inventor's widow, Mrs. Mina Edison Hughes, and the inventor's son, the Hon. Charles Edison, U.S. Secretary of the Navy, thirty-five feet of negative of the first motion picture ever taken in America. It was made by Edison in 1890 and is the earliest American film in existence. *Edison, the Man* began its run at the Empire on October 18th

First broadcast *of Princess Elizabeth went over the air last Sunday week to inaugurate the weekly programme for evacuated British children in the B.B.C.'s North American service. The unanimous opinion of listeners was that the Princess is a new radio star, unaffected and confident in her delivery, sincere and sympathetic in personality, and with an excellent microphone voice, very like her mother's. Princess Margaret Rose sat beside her during the broadcast and said good-night with her to listeners at the end*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Presidential Election is almost upon us. Another fortnight will see it through. At the moment, the hopes of the Willkie Party are rising again after going down steadily for weeks. One of the reasons is the Republican candidate's scathing and direct attack upon three notorious city bosses who are leaders of President Roosevelt's party in each of the three cities. They are Hague of Newark, New Jersey, Flynn of the Bronx, and Nash of Chicago. This factor is having a big influence on the women voters. Another thing to Willkie's advantage, suddenly, is the appointment of the President's son, Elliott Roosevelt, to a captaincy in the Air Force without being properly qualified.

Sailing south *soon will be Lady Newall and her two daughters, Georgiana and Diana. They go to New Zealand with Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Cyril Newall, who succeeds Viscount Galway as Governor-General when the latter's term of office ends next February. Lady Newall, before her marriage in 1925, was Olive Tennyson Foster, of Boston, Mass., She is Sir Cyril Newall's second wife. Besides their two daughters, they have a ten-year-old son, Francis*

ON the other hand, these are comparatively small advantages when you compare them with the tremendous personal advantages of the President. Very few of the Willkie supporters in private expect anything more than a good fight. Experienced journalists who have been going round with Willkie on his coast-to-coast campaign think that the large crowds which have flocked to his meetings have come out of curiosity to see an unknown candidate. As for the third term issue, that seems to have died a natural death. A lot of people are inclined to ask the question : " What does it matter what George Washington did, after all ? "

EVERYONE has been asking why the German air losses are nothing like so spectacular as they were a few weeks ago, and why our own losses in machines—though never in pilots—have once or twice been as heavy as the Germans. The answer is that the Germans have been forced into making a big blunder in equipment. They have been using single-seater Messerschmitt " 109 " fighters to carry bombs. As Major Oliver Stewart has pointed out : " It is like moving furniture in a racing-car." The " 109 " fighter carries about one-tenth of the bomb-load of the Heinkel " 111," and its use as a bomber, of

course, means that ten times as much petrol must be used to bring the equivalent of a Heinkel's bomb-load.

THE advantage of using the Messerschmitt is that the German losses are smaller. These machines come over singly, drop their bomb, and get away at fighter speed. They are, in consequence, much more difficult to intercept. Their bombing accuracy is practically nil, because they are not equipped with the elaborate bomb-sights which are essential for anything like precision bombing.

THE bomb on St. Paul's has proved the amazing technical skill of Sir Christopher Wren. He was not only a great artist, he was a great artisan as well. The whole structure of St. Paul's has been revealed by the bomb to be a masterpiece of the builder's science. Experts who have looked at the damage were astounded at the strength and the cunning craftsmanship employed in the bonding of the roof. Nothing less could have saved the Cathedral from much more serious damage. The floor beneath the altar also turned out to be unexpectedly strong. Pieces of masonry weighing a couple of tons crashed on to it, but there was not the slightest damage in the crypt below.

THE film which the *March of Time* has devoted to the Dutch East Indies is rather interesting. It shows the economic prosperity of the Dutch islands, and then goes on to demonstrate that the islands are completely at the mercy of Japan if no one interferes to protect them. Half-way through the film, a Japanese statesman comes in front of the screen and declares that Japan intends to take advantage in the Dutch East Indies of Britain's war with Germany and of "the weakness of the United States." Japan may discover in the not-too-distant future that the United States is not quite so weak as they would like to think.

THE Ministry of Information continues their ludicrous and irritating policy of describing the places which have been hit by bombs as if the whole thing were a sort of cross-word puzzle. Thus, for example, we have "a church in London with Royal associations," or, again, "a house formerly occupied by a peer and now a block of offices." I cannot for the life of me see what the Germans are going to gain by hearing that a bomb has fallen in Berkeley Square. The whole thing is typical of the clever-clever attitude of this not-very-clever-not-very-clever Ministry.

I MENTIONED the other day that the Middlesbrough bankers and financiers had been complaining that 2½ per cent. interest on National War Bonds is insufficient to make them an attractive investment. The other day Mr. Stokes, M.P., asked the Home Secretary whether he proposed to take any action about these gentlemen. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied instead of the Home Secretary, and said that he did not propose to take any action. All we can do, therefore, is to pigeon-hole the incident for future reference when some of the oddities of the war are being settled up and accounts are being squared.

THE inventor who sent in a dodge for fixing bayonets by pressing a button, whereupon the bayonet was to spring out of the rifle, can have had little regard for the traditions of the Army. The ceremony for fixing bayonets on parade is the most complicated of all the evolutions which a soldier has to learn, and it is, of course, the one which he never has to practise on active service. Incidentally, no one has ever yet told me of what use the bayonet is in modern warfare. Even in the last war it was hardly ever used, and long before the end the Germans had discovered that a pocketful of bombs and a sharp spade and a few automatic rifles made an infinitely better substitute for the rifle and bayonet.

THE death of Tom Mix removes one of the romantic figures of our time. He was to the modern generation what Buffalo Bill was to their fathers and uncles. He was a real genuine hero of the Wild West. Everything about him was right. He was born on a cattle-ranch at El Paso, in Texas; he fought in the Spanish War; he took a shipment of horses to Ladysmith in the Boer War; he was a deputy marshal in Oklahoma. On his last visit to London, he could be seen every day riding in the Row on his famous horse, Tony. They were a gallant and picturesque pair.

MR. BERNARD DARWIN has published his reminiscences, and very charming reading they are. Mr. Darwin is probably the only writer on any form of sport in the world who is eagerly read by people who have never played that particular game or know the first thing about it. There must be thousands of people in this country who have never held a golf-club in their hands, and who gently abstract their minds whenever golf is discussed in their presence, but who, nevertheless, turn immediately to Mr. Darwin's Saturday article in the *Times* as soon as the newspapers arrive.

ETON has just been celebrating its five-hundredth anniversary, and, speaking as an Old Wykehamist, I must say that I think we did quite a neat little job of work when we founded Eton in 1440. I think that, on the whole, the place has done us credit, and though, of course, it is still suffering from some of the defects of youthfulness, it will, I am sure, get over them in time and mellow into a ripe middle-age.

AIR raids affect different classes of the community in different ways. A small girl was overheard to say to herself while she struggled with her home-work: "I hope the siren goes to-morrow during history."

A CORRECTION.

We much regret that, under photographs of Sir William Bragg and Sir Edwin Butler published in last week's issue (pp. 66-67), the captions were transposed.

Chain and wig *are symbols of the high office to which the new Lord Chief Justice is being sworn-in. Lord Caldecott succeeds Lord Hewart, and is himself succeeded as Dominions Secretary by Lord Cranborne*

Chain and lace *were worn by Sir George Wilkinson when he was sworn-in to his office as Lord Mayor-elect of London. At fifty-five he is the youngest Lord Mayor to hold office in London*

1910: Captain Churchill of the 11th Hussars watches Army manœuvres. He had seen active service in Cuba, India, Egypt, South Africa. Was at that time Liberal M.P. for Dundee, and in 1910 went from the Presidency of the Board of Trade to the Home Office

1912: the First Lord of the Admiralty (1911-15) went to Portsmouth for the launching of the Iron Duke. With him went Mrs. Churchill, whom he had married in 1908. His policy at the Admiralty—"for us a great fleet is a necessity, for Germany it is a luxury. It is existence for us; it is expansion for them"—aroused criticism in England, fury in Germany. Mr. Churchill calmly went on "putting the Fleet into a state of instant and constant readiness for war in case we are attacked by Germany"

Thirty Years of Mr. Churchill

Some Photographic Reminiscences

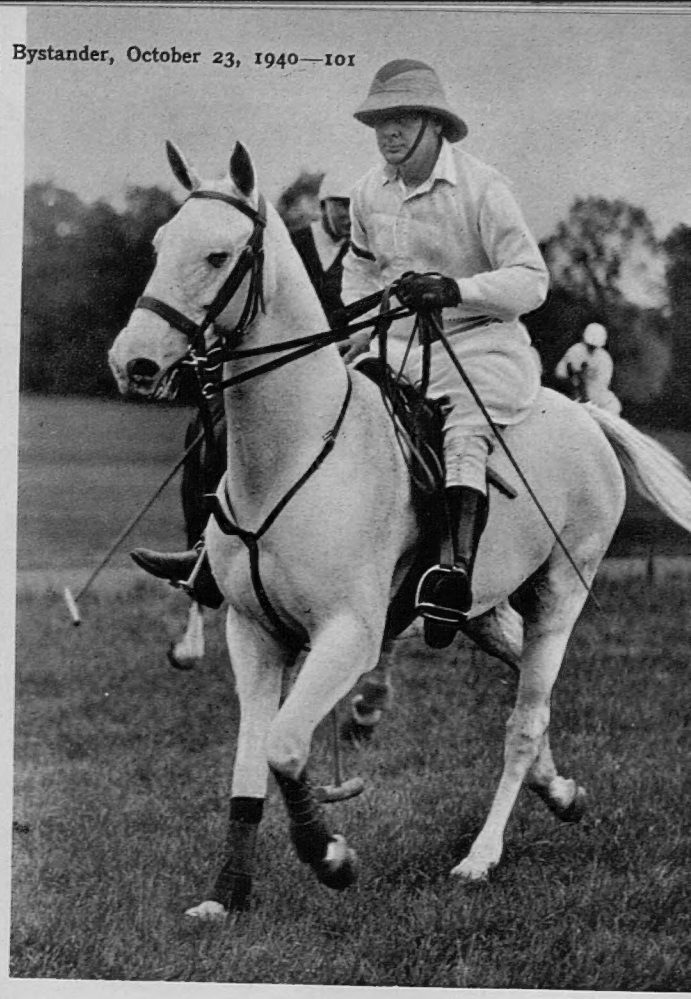
Forty years ago Winston Churchill, aged twenty-six, entered the House of Commons as a Conservative. Having since then been Unionist Free Trader, Liberal, Coalition Liberal, Liberal Free Trader, Independent and Anti-Socialist, Constitutionalist, he became two weeks ago Leader of the Party to which he first gave his allegiance. One of the finest, as it was one of the most personal, of his uncountable fine speeches was made to the meeting of Peers and M.P.s who elected him to that position. He summed-up his own political faith thus: "At all times, according to my lights and throughout the changing scenes through which we are all hurried, I have always faithfully served two public causes which I think stand supreme—the maintenance of the enduring greatness of Britain and her Empire, and the historical continuity of our island life"

1923: Mr. Churchill fought the Western Division of Leicester as a Liberal in the General Election, but was defeated. Here he and Mrs. Churchill go off to a meeting. Next year he unsuccessfully fought the Abbey Division of Westminster as an Independent and Anti-Socialist

1928: the Chancellor of the Exchequer walked down to the House to present his fourth Budget with his eldest daughter, Diana, and his P.P.S., Bob Boothby. Mr. Churchill became Conservative Member for Epping in 1924 and has held that seat ever since. He was at the Exchequer from 1924 to 1929

1913: Mr. Churchill watched a review of the Brigade of Guards in Hyde Park with the Secretary of State for War, Colonel Jack Seely, now Lord Mottistone

1919: the Secretary of State for War (1918-21) watched the King's Review of the Army of Occupation in Hyde Park with the Crown Prince of Sweden

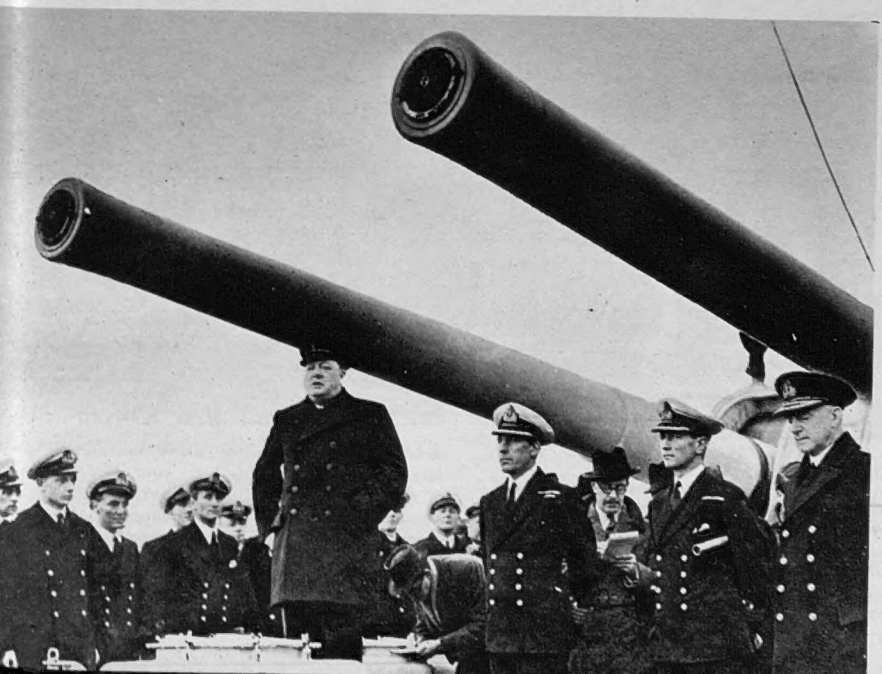


1923: Mr. Churchill, out of office and without a seat in the House, was free to devote himself to private pursuits for the first time for years. In 1923 the first volume of "The World Crisis" appeared

1939: Mr. Churchill makes a recruiting speech for the Territorial Army at the Mansion House. He had then been out of office for ten years, independent and critical, uttering warning after warning against weakness, against what he called a Government "decided only to be undecided, resolved to be irresolute, adamant for drift, all-powerful for impotence"

1940: the Prime Minister leaves 10, Downing Street for the House of Commons to make one of his statements on the war. With him goes Brendan Bracken, M.P., his P.P.S.

1940: First Lord of the Admiralty since the day after war began, Mr. Churchill greets some of the first naval victors of the war—the ship's company of H.M.S. Exeter. The ship had just returned to Plymouth after the Battle of the Plate



Digging: Mr. R. S. Hudson

The Minister for Agriculture moved a spadeful or two of Ranelagh Club earth when he visited the allotments there, inspected home-grown produce and in general gave his blessing and encouragement to the Ranelagh digging-for-victory scheme. With him went the Mayors of Barnes and Wandsworth

Watching Digging: Sir Warren Fisher

The Commissioner for the London Region whose job it is to deal with air-raid damage to roads, buildings, and utility services went out to watch his latest recruits at work last week. They are men of the Pioneer Corps—" Amps " to their friends—who have been lent by the War Office for three weeks while a civilian labour reserve for debris-clearing is being organised. Sir Warren Fisher was appointed to his new post at the end of September

Christened: Lord and Lady Hawke's Daughter

Lord and Lady Hawke's second daughter was christened Annabel at Rusper Parish Church. In the group here are Lord Hawke with his elder daughter, Caroline, who is three this year; Lady Hawke and the baby; Miss Anne Faure-Walker and Lieut. R. E. Faure-Walker, a godfather. Lady Hawke was Ina Mary Faure-Walker before her 1934 wedding, is the daughter of Henry Faure-Walker, of Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex. Lord Hawke succeeded as ninth Baron on the death of his father last year; his home is Faygate Place, in Sussex

Mr. Lindsay and Miss Kenyon-Slaney

Sec. Lieut. Peter Lindsay, Irish Guards, son of the late Colonel Harry Lindsay, and Mrs. Lindsay, of the Manor House, Sutton Courtenay, Oxon, and Ursula Jane Kenyon-Slaney, daughter of Captain Kenyon-Slaney, of Hatton Grange, Shifnal, Salop, and Lady Mary Gilmour, a granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn, were married at All Saints', Spelsbury. Her sister Vivien married the Earl of Hopetoun last year; he is now a prisoner of war

Home from the Sea : Admiral Sir Henry Harwood

Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood was one of the guests of honour at last week's Foyle's Luncheon. Next him sat Count Eduard Reventlow, the Danish Minister. Admiral Harwood came home earlier this month : last Friday he was appointed Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Assistant Chief of Naval Staff. Meantime his former ship, H.M.S. Ajax, has been in the victory news again

People in the Lighter News

Off Across the Sea : the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon

Lord Willingdon has been chosen to head a mission which is leaving this country shortly for South America. This will be the second long journey he and Lady Willingdon have made this year ; they went to New Zealand in January to attend the centenary celebrations. Lady Willingdon has been busy packing up their London house in Lygon Place, this time with air raids in mind rather than moths and soot

Lunching Together : Brother and Sister

Sir William Chayter and his youngest sister, Anne, had been lunching together at a London restaurant. They come from Co. Durham, where the family place is Witton Castle. She is twenty-one this year, five years younger than her brother, who succeeded his father in 1935

Lady Cranborne, Lady Diana Duff Cooper

The wives of the Dominions Secretary and the Minister of Information stood on the Ritz steps for a few last earnest words of conversation. Lady Cranborne's husband returned to office a fortnight ago after the two and a half years of private life which followed his retirement at the time Mr. Eden left the Foreign Office

Appealing : Sir Victor Warrender

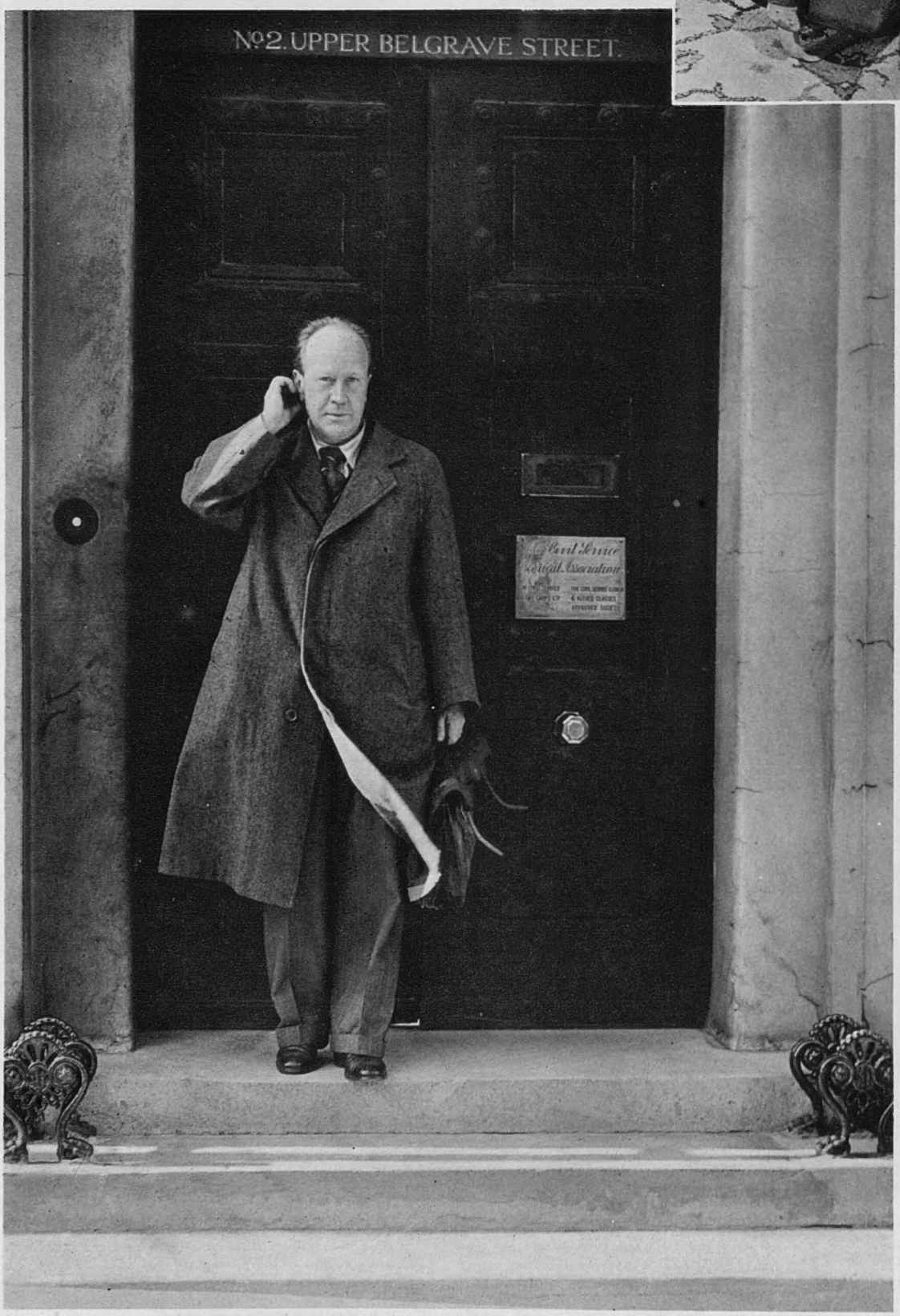
Bradford's War Weapons Week, which ended last Friday, was opened by Sir Victor Warrender, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty. He told his audience that Bradford would need to collect £3,000,000 to pay for two cruisers, as that city did in the last war, when it cost half as much as now to build warships

Clerks' Champion

W. J. Brown, Whose Broadcasts Have Made Him a Radio Personality

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Mr. Brown is a terrific worker, packs all he can into a nineteen- or twenty-hour-day. But, like Winston Churchill and other human dynamos, he has trained himself to take a few minutes' sleep whenever possible, and has a specially designed chair in his office for naps between appointments



This is William John Brown, who suddenly became a public figure when he began, quite recently, to broadcast. He was, in fact, already a public figure to thousands in the trades union and political world, but to all the other men in the street his plain name meant nothing. A few weeks ago he went on the air and introduced himself with a brief autobiography. So now people all over the country know how he roamed the cliffs near Margate, became a Civil Service boy clerk, found that boy-clerking was a blind-alley organisation, formed a union of his mates which 3000 of them joined, and at sixteen won their case for a complete change in the standing of boy clerks by his report to and evidence before a Royal Commission in the Civil Service. From then until now he has been fighting the battle of Civil Service clerks against Government Departments, and is recognised as one of the most brilliant negotiators in the Trades Union movement. During the two years—1929 to 1931—that he sat as a Labour Member in the House of Commons he made an excellent reputation as an informed, logical and incisive speaker

Left: Mr. Brown leaves his office in Upper Belgrave Street, headquarters of the Civil Service Clerical Association of which he has been General Secretary since 1919. He himself looks more like an author or artist than a Civil Servant

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Lunchtime Shakespeare (Strand)

IT may be said that the theatre these days is getting along like one o'clock—though why "one" should get along faster or slower than any other hour, nobody has ever been able to explain to me. One, however, is now unquestionably the popular entertainment time, possibly because, in addition to its status as an interval, raid or no raid, you 've got (more or less) to go out to lunch. And so, to the choice between Bach and a beef sandwich at the National Gallery, and a ham sandwich and *Sylphides* at the Arts, has now been added a Shakespeare snack-bar at the Strand. Snack up!, as Sir Toby nearly said to Sir Andrew.

TO itemise the entertainment, price one shilling, and all in an hour, this was, on the afternoon I went: (1) Induction to *Henry IV. Part* 2, Rumour painted full of tongues, but quickly revealing the features of Miss Rosamund Iden, who declaimed well and boldly—but it is inescapably war-work when a female deputises in a clarion masculine prologue such as this; (2) Mr. Hubert Langley reciting in sombre and ascetic garb three of the Sonnets—which, one felt, like most undramatic, non-lyrical poetry, were written to be read with the eye (though heard with the mind's ear); (3) Miss Cathleen Nesbitt and Mr. Donald Wolfit in the Duncan murder scenes—and now we began to forget our surroundings. If Miss Nesbitt falls short of Lady Macbeth in power, she achieves her barbaric fascinations.

NEXT, (4) Mr. Frank Drew singing Roger Quilter's settings of the lovely lyrics. But, popular as these settings have proved, why any modern composer troubles to re-set the Shakespeare songs beats me as completely as why any modern illustrator troubles to re-illustrate *Alice in Wonderland*. In my opinion, the job has been done and is all over for all time; (5) Came Miss Nesbitt as Beatrice in *Much Ado*, overhearing welcome and unwelcome words from Hero and Margaret—not very exhilarating; And (6) Mr. Wolfit in Hamlet's "How all occasions do inform against me," concluding, as the "All Clear" sounded (or was it the Warning? —one gets so mixed), with "My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth."

I HAVE never really enjoyed bits and pieces from the Bard in peacetime; in wartime they leave me with the same uneasy feeling that I am somehow being instructed or improved. This does not mean that there is not something to be said for anyone who does anything to amuse in these disruptive days. There is. And the answer to the question "How?" is not a simple one. For the time being, it seems clear that we must have our fun before it gets dark. The Greeks used to start their plays at dawn. That is probably why they didn't write plays for the tired business man, but for minds as alert as the eyes of any spotter. Shall we come to it again? Improbably. But what with the rebirth of the basement, the revival of the private cabbage-patch, the pride in the small window-pane, and all the rest of it, there 's no knowing where this progressive retrogression will stop

"From this time forth my thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth," said Hamlet as the Warning went (Donald Wolfit)

The mighty atom of Elizabethan music: Rosabel Watson, musical director

Sketches by Sallon

"If music be the food of love, play on": Hubert Langley as Orsino in "Twelfth Night," Frank Drew as Feste

H. Worrall-Thompson as King Claudius in "Hamlet"

"Much Ado" about lunchtime: Cathleen Nesbitt as Beatrice, Mary Pitcher as Ursula, Rosamund Iden as Hero

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I wish to report a formation of Junkers 89 dive bombers"

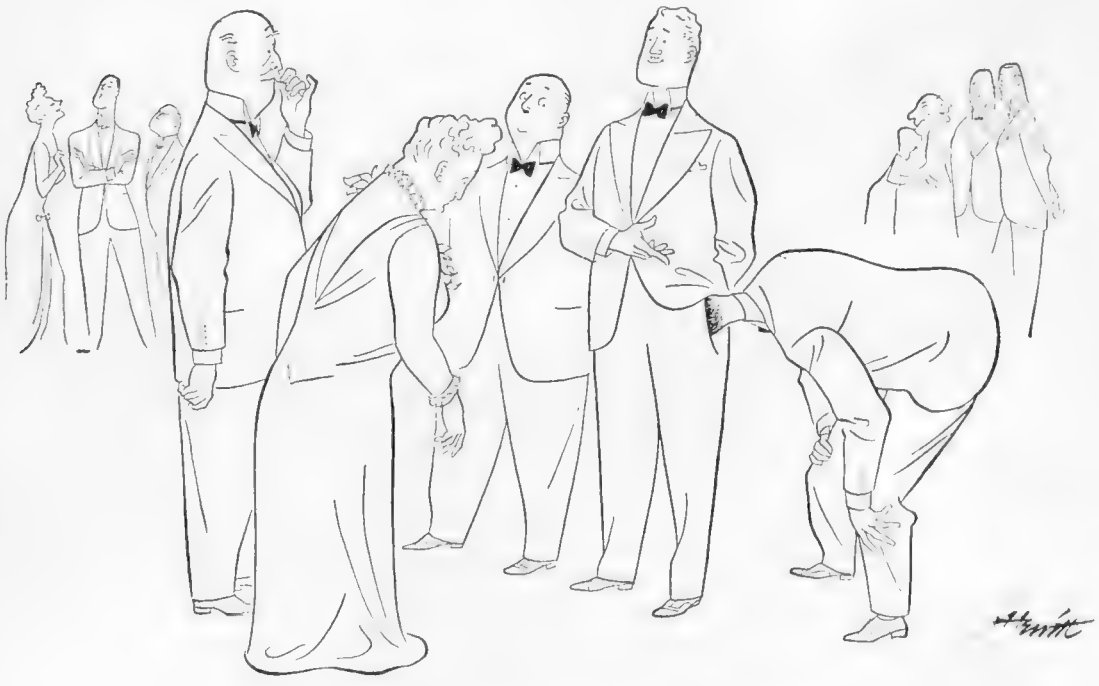
WITH a unanimity worthy of a better cause (such as boycotting a really good satiric play), the citizens of London have turned down the Thames steamer service, which is to be discontinued by the Ministry of Transport after running just a month. Apart from the discourtesy to Petty Officer A. P. Herbert, M.P., whose special tea or racket (to use a jocular trade term) Thames river-traffic has been for some years, the citizenry demonstrates thereby its hoggish lack of imagination, if we may say so with a kindly smile, besides making fools of all those lyrical boys who go round claiming that the Wave is in our Island Blood. Having more than once sailed it for pleasure in a tug, we have no particular illusions about London River between, say, Fulham and Greenwich. It stinks in every key. The south bank is a disgrace to any provincial Western city, Whistler's faëry flafla notwithstanding, and the prevailing squalor is not even picturesque, as it was before Progress got at Wapping and the Prospect of Whitby and Ratcliffe Highway, but so unspeakably drab and mean that Greenwich Palace, which nobody has ruined as yet, looks like a marquise in Court dress living in a slum. Compared with the stretch of the Seine through Paris, or of the Danube through Vienna, or of the Vistula through Petersburg, our imperial and metropolitan waterway is a revolting mess.

Nevertheless these foul yellow waves—you get the full bouquet slap in the nose when your tug churns round for the backward journey, obscene lustrations mingling with the mariners' oaths—are History. Beyond affording much-needed relief to road-traffic and fresh air, they are linking you with a thousand splendid, or merry, or bloody memories, from progresses of Royalty and embassies and martyrs down to Steele's jolly voyage from Chelsea with a fleet of "Apricock-Boats" and that row between Dr. Samuel Johnson and the waterman which inspired the Doctor to one of the world's great repartees ("*Sir, your wife, under the pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods.*"). All these benefits of body and mind the hamfaced citizenry spurns, and if we were poor Gaffer Herbert we'd lure a few representative types down to Hammersmith Reach at low tide and rub their noses in it, dry, dapper, glassy-eyed bowler-hatted specimens in pince-nez, red-faced Bobadils defying the world, cautious, cunning City spawn, matrons of too-opulent build, young pimply heirs of Empire and tender young adenoidal girls.

Idea

THAT thinker who has been plastering Central London at his own expense with huge "Bomb Berlin!" posters—proclaiming also the curious fallacy that "Bullies are Always Cowards"—has now been answered by the Prime Minister himself, so that point is doubtless settled. Nobody who has seen the admirable London populace under fire night after night can help sympathising to some extent with occasional cries for retaliation, however much ethics and strategy alike are opposed; and in any case, Berlin has sufficient prominent military objectives.

But what is one to make of one or two Yahoos (to coin a phrase) who have recently bobbed up to urge the bombing of Rome, although the capital of the major part of Christendom, the treasure-house of the ages, and the matrix of our civilisation has been proclaimed by Mussolini an open city without any military objective whatsoever in or near it? Even the German mercenaries who distinguished themselves most when Rome was sacked by the Constable de Bourbon in 1527 stopped short of firing or blowing up the place, though those blue-eyed Lutherans lived in a rough age and cared for nothing and nobody. To hear yells for the destruction of Rome arising from dim inhabitants of the remote London suburbs four centuries later is indeed, as the actress said to the stockbroker, a surprise-packet. Though possibly we're making an absurd fuss over nothing. "You can *'ave* Rome," said Sam Lewis, *né* Levi, the great money-lender, on an historic occasion. Maybe this is the voice of Modern Thought, with which we collide so unfortunately from time to time?



"—And this is Mr. Starkey, of the Inland Revenue"

Rap

YOU could have knocked us down with a feather (off an iron ostrich) when we learned from the Parliamentary Reports that H.M. Stationery Office had to be kicked in the pants by the

Speaker himself after calmly announcing its intention to stop night-printing because of the air raids. A nice example, Mrs. Harris, I don't think! You 're right, Mrs. Catchpole. Looking in at the Retail Sales Dept. in Aldwych next day we found a bright blush of shame and mortification still suffusing every official cheek. Pacing thence eastward, and looking into one of the pubs off Fleet Street where newspaper printers gather, we found these proud and sensitive craftsmen pretty sardonic against their brethren in H.M. service, the word " sissy " recurring in their remarks almost as often as the " I " in a sentence by James (" Boss ") Agate. For the admirable Fleet Street printer belongs to a guild so powerful that the most terrible newspaper mogul, ruling thousands of serfs by whip and sword, quails before a flicker of his eyelash; and a very ancient guild it is too, when you recollect that the Father of the Chapel, so called from that chapel in Westminster Abbey where Caxton pulled his first proof, still holds an official position in every newspaper printing office.

Hence any pusillanimity or flafla from fellow-members of the craft makes the Fleet Street printer angry and causes him to take snuff in enormous quantities, and as he is at the moment printing away doggedly night after night as if bombs were dew, you may gather his opinion of the Stationery Office is at the moment low. However, the Speaker has taken action, the matter is closed, and now we are taking you over to the studio to hear a very interesting Cambridge don talking about the Survival of the Fittest.

Chums

WHILE the brilliant and versatile M. Sacha Guitry has apparently lost no time in chumming up with the high German officers at Maxim's, and a few other idols of the Parisian stage have likewise looked characteristically to the buttering of their rolls, we 're prepared to take the word of Mr. Harold Cardozo, Special Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, for the growing pro-British feeling of the great mass of the French, whom Mr. Cardozo knows extremely well. And maybe the familiar phrase, cynical and realist, " Il faut manger," can be stretched by his admirers to cover cases like M. Guitry's. It is difficult for " we of the theatre "—Slogger Cochran's phrase, we believe—to live without applause.

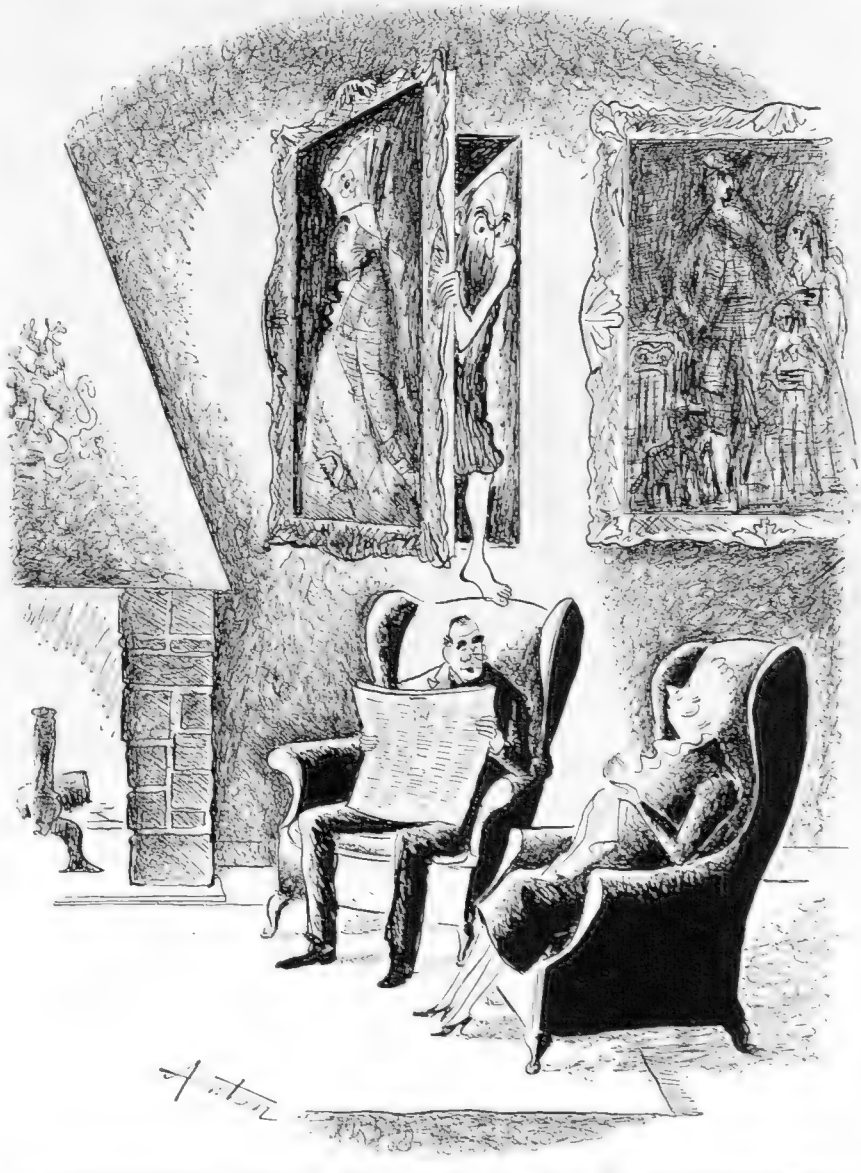
People often accuse chaps like us of being harsh with little winsome blonde actresses, putting them into Gladstone bags, tapping them on their delicious noggins with tiny ivory hammers when they become tiresome, and so forth. Actually we have a great tenderness for the little creatures, as we have for baby rabbits and every thing warm and furry and helpless, and we quite realise that if somebody isn't perpetually flattering and feeding and petting and applauding them they fade and die, rolling great big hurt lustrous eyes and making everybody feel terribly embarrassed. To M. Guitry, who has been in the limelight ever since he dashed off his first successful play in his bath at about the age of five, applause must be doubly essential, and one could hardly expect Mistinguett, for whom the Roi Soleil himself is said to have clapped calloused palms in delight at her rendering of the drunken milkman's wife in *Athalie*, to do without it for long either. Incidentally, Mr. Cardozo reports that at the Folies-Bergère, which recently reopened to a packed house, not a single Frenchman was present. This is commonly held to be the normal state of that hall of fun, but inaccurately. There are generally at least a dozen Frenchmen present, not counting the stage-hands, who have to be.

Poise

DEBONAIR, cool, gracious, unhurried as ever, with not a glossy hair out of place, the Foreign Office boys trip to and fro, unmoved by the fate of Rumania; the latest, so far, of a long line of diplomatic defeats (as the *Daily Mail* reminded them) suffered by this country at the hands of the Wilhelmstrasse. Most citizens responsible for a few of these flops would creep about in shame and find themselves dishonourable graves. Not so the F.O. boys, who are bred to the Career and related to the right people, and whose graceful calm and poise would win encomiums from the aged Talleyrand—you remember his test of a true diplomat, the sudden kick in the diplomatic trousers which must not alter the expression of the diplomatic pan by one iota? Some sensitive chaps find this blandness and self-esteem of the F.O. manner quite intolerable, and can hardly listen to some distinguished ex-ornament of that eminent dump broadcasting at night for the B.B.C. without crying aloud in agony.

Our admiration of the F.O. boys is frankly tinged with dismay, however. They seem not to hear the trumpets of Germinal, the tumbrils toiling up the terrible way. They seem not to be aware that chaps are already assuming that after this war the Career may possibly be thrown open to the most dreadful middle-class persons, as in America, and a huge wave of what will probably be called democracy may sweep the Samurai from their enviable positions, like limpets engulfed by the breakers of Morbihan. Yet even now the hot breath of the ramping Middle Class is on their elegant necks, and ten years hence the Embassies may be invaded by persons who can't even dance. We questioned one of the boys recently on this, and were forced against our will to admire the shrug, as of a Rohan or a De Harcourt of the 1780's, with which he dismissed the whole business. " After us the deluge," he murmured; a cliché still popular, apparently, in F.O. circles.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" One might think, Harriet, that you 'd never seen the ninth Duke before "

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Haunted Rectory

By V. S. Pritchett

Two or three years ago, the Press, the B.B.C., and groups of observers, who ranged from members of the Society for Psychical Research to undergraduates, and from undergraduates to the scrupulous Dr. C. E. M. Joad, investigated the haunting of the Rectory of Borley, near Long Melford. A comprehensive account of all the testimony has now been collected by Mr. Harry Price in a book called *The Most Haunted House in England* (Longmans; 10s. 6d.). No more research is possible, for the Rectory was burned down in 1938.

The excitements provided by the Unknown at Borley fall into three classes. First there are the familiar Poltergeist phenomena: showers of pebbles, camphor-balls and keys are thrown down the passages, soap jumps out of the washstand, a candlestick is flung down the stairs, there are loud crashes of glass, bell-ringings, tappings and footsteps. Mr. Price is a trained investigator, and these occurrences are well authenticated. His first night at Borley was a festival of trivial mischief. The hi-jinks of the "spirits" may be compared with the examples mentioned in Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's recent book on the subject. The only criticism I have to offer is that Mr. Price does not mention that the Poltergeist appears generally to be associated with a girl who is entering puberty, and it is a general defect of his book that he does not give enough details about the Rev. Smith, and his family, who were in occupation at Borley or, indeed, about the other witnesses. No story of phenomena is worth much without a very intimate analysis of the lives and minds of witnesses; they would probably object to this and certainly they would object to the publication of results. As far as he goes, however, Mr. Price is a sensible observer, and tells an astonishing story.

The second group of phenomena belong to the spectacular tradition. A grieving nun is seen to walk in the garden, usually on a fixed night in the summer. A coach driven by two headless men has been seen. Mr. Price's fellow-observer said he saw the nun and ran towards her when Mr. Price was present. Mr. Price "could not be sure." One would like to know how old the Misses Bull were in 1900 when they simultaneously saw the nun. The third class of manifestation is unique. Pencil markings appeared on the walls of the rooms. Two or three of these were written messages which were easily deciphered and were appeals for help or calls to Mass; but chiefly the markings are short pencil lines. Dr. Joad is certain that many were made while he was present, but he could not but ask how "an entity" kept a supply of sharpened lead-pencils?

Trickery? Mystery? Projections from the unconscious mind of someone in the house or of some collective unconscious? Science inclines to the psychological theory nowadays. The amount of data is large. One can only note a dissatisfaction with some of the checks on observation, the unfortunate influence of wishful thinking. Thus Mr. Price himself refers to a woman's belt being lifted "by an unseen hand." If unseen, how did they know it was a hand? Moreover, in the woman's own testimony, the hand is not mentioned at all. Any soldier who wears a belt could give examples of belt-lifting. I mention this small point not to discredit Mr. Price, but to indicate an unlucky slackness which usually manages to get into psychic evidence. Mr. Price himself is sceptical. Do the nun and the coach still turn up now that the house is burned down? Looking at the time-table one notes that the more investigation, the more numerous the phenomena. For the credulous and curious, this book provides a thrill; for the detached, there is sometimes an unconscious humour. For the exasperated residents of the Rectory there was not only the periodic uproar in the house—desks and beds overturned, etc.—but the rush of sightseers and the visits of vulgar practical jokers.

***Kathleen Norris,** one of America's most popular and prolific novelists, was photographed in Hollywood on Paramount's "Love Thy Neighbour" set, with two celebrities from other worlds, film star Jack Benny and band-leader Ben Bernie. Miss Norris lives in California, does social work, and advises newspaper readers on personal problems as well as writing one or more books a year since 1911. (She published five books in the years 1928 and 1933)*

The clergy have enough to bother them without being pelted by camphor-balls from the psychic demi-monde. What is it like to be a provincial vicar's wife for a week? See *Bewildering Caves*, by Winifred Peck (Faber; 7s 6d.), a delightfully acid and also dignified book which owes something to the manner of *The Diary of a Provincial Lady*. At last the vicar's wife gets her own back on the slanders of a generation, and she is a shrewd and delicate hitter. She is "not sure" that her husband is the right man in the right place in her parish:

"He took a First in Greats before he served in the ranks, in the Great War, for some months before he got a commission, so that on the one side he is invariably incapable of regarding theological or party problems with anything but detached tolerance, and cannot begin to understand the pettiness or narrowness of the provincial middle-class mind."

About her clothes:

"What a congregation likes is that one should look as if one *had* seen better days!"

And when there is a row about Mr. Strang, the pacifist curate, and his wife:

"I expect if we'd lived in Nazareth we wouldn't have called on Joseph's wife."

But Miss Peck is not merely a sharp-tongued satirist. She draws a very faithful, sensitive and original picture of clerical life.

"Under the Rose" (Heinemann; 9s.) is one of Mr. Rhys Davies' Welsh dramas, written with the Welsh feeling for the theatrical and with borrowings from the sensual vocabulary of D. H. Lawrence. We are introduced to a glum, brooding, bitter middle-aged woman living alone in a mountain farmhouse, a lady who is known for her prize roses and her supposed secret love-affair. The novel gradually reveals the secret. She has been jilted on her wedding-day by an unstable young liar. He turns up either begging or blackmailing twenty years later, and she murders him with a carving-knife. It would be a pity to reveal the outcome which, melodramatic as it is, is nevertheless real, and is informed by a notable psychological subtlety. Mr. Rhys Davies is a good story-teller if his characters are rather all of a piece. There is a terrifying cat in this book, one of the most malign, electric and sinister animals I have ever met in fiction. There is a moment of Grand Guignol when, after the murder, the cat is found scratching the dead man's face. Mr. Rhys Davies knows how to create the Welsh atmosphere, the curious mixture of meanness and romanticism in the villa-pocked valleys with their bored middle-class people rushing about in cars and collecting scandal between drinks.

Almost any page of Miss Kathleen Bellamy's *Jacaranda* (Methuen; 8s.), a novel with a South American setting, is better than the whole. I mean that she is a writer with a good visual gift who sees things very vividly; but she does not yet carry one on very easily from one person or one event to the next. Martha is a young girl who describes her life in Uruguay from the inside; and in the same way her lovers describe theirs in turn. They write usually in the first person and the present tense. This gives an eagerness and emphasis to what is going on in their world; but it does mean that we do not differentiate between them. The inside of Luis, or Martin is not greatly different from the inside of Martha. The result is a static book and one concentrated too much on private sensation. But the object of the characters is to "find themselves" and their seriousness about life has a kind of urgency which is attractive. Miss Bellamy is an observer of promise, one for whom the art of writing is important.

Anthony

Sir John Chancellor of the British Council

Since the Chairman of the British Council, Lord Lloyd, was made Colonial Secretary, the Assistant Chairman has become the working head of the Council and its dozen or more departments, dealing with the bulk of the routine work which the Chairman can no longer handle. To this new and important post was appointed Sir John Chancellor, soldier and Colonial administrator. As a soldier, Sir John served in three Sudanese and Indian campaigns, entered the War Office as a Staff Captain in the Intelligence Department, and in 1904 he was appointed Assistant Military Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence. His career as an administrator began in 1911 when he became Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius; he has also held the Governorships of Trinidad and Southern Rhodesia, and in 1928 was made High Commissioner and C.-in-C. for Palestine. An indefatigable worker, Sir John Chancellor serves on a large number of Government Committees, including the Colonial Empire Marketing Board. On the next two pages are more pictures of British Council personalities

Drama *is in the hands of a man with some thirty years of theatrical experience behind him. W. Bridges-Adams, Secretary of the Drama Committee, started acting with the O.U.D.S., soon turned producer, in 1919 began a long association with Stratford-on-Avon as director of the Shakespeare company there, produced the plays with which the new Memorial Theatre opened in 1932, went to Canada and America with the Stratford company, resigned in 1934*

Foreigners *are the speciality of Nancy Parkinson, whose official title is Secretary of the Resident Foreigners' Committee. This department's work has vastly increased in importance since the influx to Great Britain of foreign communities from German-invaded countries. Also the Council has been entrusted by the Services Department with the teaching of English to the Allied Armies here, and the organisation of this is one of Miss Parkinson's most vital jobs*

Secretary-General *of the British Council is now A. J. S. White, who succeeded Brigadier Charles Bridge. He is a retired officer of the Burma Civil Service. His special interest is Latin America, in so many parts of which the activities of the Nazis demand the strongest counter-action on the part of Anglo-Saxon propaganda. Last year Mr. White paid an extensive visit to South America, with Philip Guedalla, then chairman of the Ibero-American Committee*

Fine Arts *have the expert attention of Major Alfred Longden, who ran the great winter exhibitions of Dutch, Italian and Persian art at Burlington House, and was British art director at the 1925 Paris Exhibition. He is himself an artist as well as connoisseur. When Germany invaded Norway, Major Longden was in Oslo preparing for an exhibition of British prints. Luckily, he managed to get back to Stockholm and brought the collection home via Russia and Italy*

It Pays To Advertise

These Are Some of the Men and Women of the British Council Who Help to Make Great Britain's Tradition, Art and Way of Life Known to the World

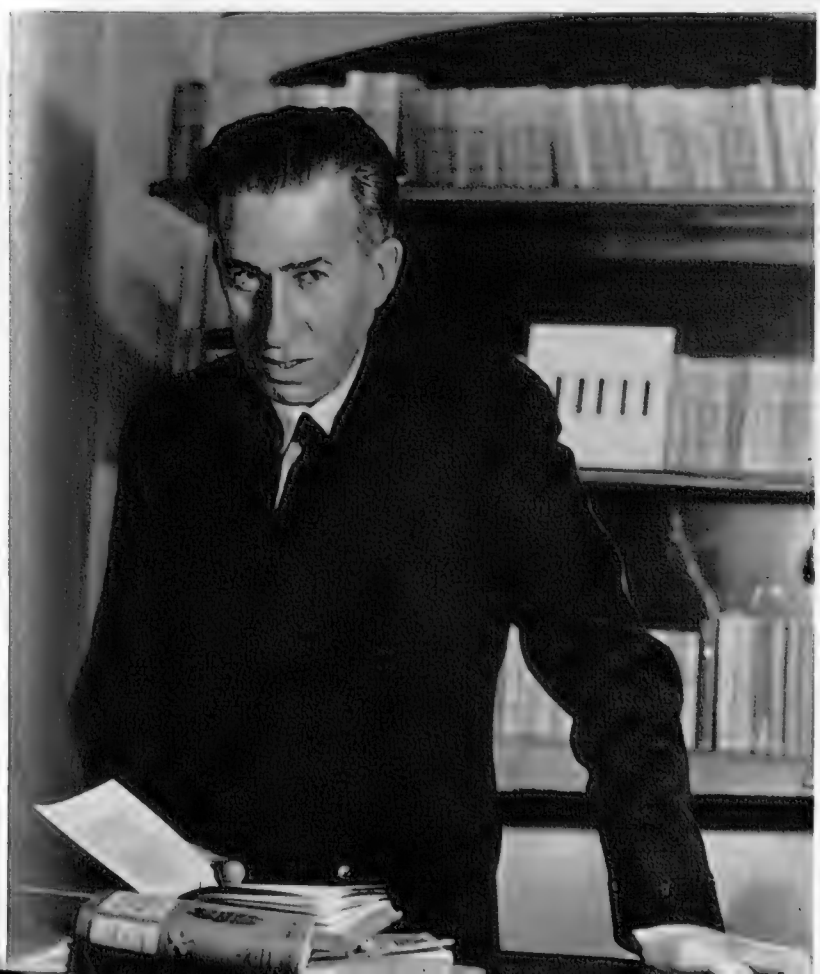
The British Council was created in 1934 because the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service had been asking for it for many years. Its development has been thoroughly characteristic of all good British institutions, that is to say, part planned and part haphazard, in response to demands not anticipated by its originators. Short of money and personnel though it has often been, the Council has succeeded in fulfilling the demands, foreseen and unforeseen, that have been made on it, and its value as an institution has now been finally acknowledged by the granting of a Royal Charter. "To make the life and thought of the British peoples more widely known abroad, and to promote a mutual interchange of knowledge and ideas with other peoples" is its first aim and object. In most of Europe its activities have been brought to a standstill, but elsewhere its work has gained rather than lost in importance under wartime conditions, and a new field of action has opened among the soldiers and civilians of invaded countries who are now in Great Britain. In the Dominions the Council's co-operation "in strengthening the common cultural traditions of the British Commonwealth" has a fresh significance since the Dominions became our allies in war. British societies and institutes abroad, chairs of English and schools and students, books and periodicals, lectures, broadcasting, films, drama, fine arts, music, the Press, hospitality—these are the means by which the Council does its work. And here are some of the men who, from headquarters in Hanover Square, direct one of this country's most effective propaganda machines

Photographs by Anthony

***Books** and periodicals have a department of their own, with Egerton Sykes as Secretary, and a one-time bar for home, on the shelves of which stand part of the Council's large library. Mr. Sykes was a fighter pilot and gunner in the last war, settled in Poland, edited and published Poland's only British newspaper, "The Warsaw Weekly." In association with the British Council, he worked hard for the development of Anglo-Polish cultural relations towards the end of the peace. He was Press Attaché at the Embassy when war began, his flat was in one of the first buildings to be bombed, and he was one of the last refugees from the destroyed city. Since his return he has done much for the big new scheme to ensure that British books are easily obtainable abroad*

***Press,** Broadcasting and Receptions Department is in charge of E. D. O'Brien, with T. F. Lindsay as his assistant. They were friends and contemporaries at Oxford, where Mr. O'Brien was President of the Union and Mr. Lindsay was editor of the "Isis." Both know Fleet Street well, and have travelled over most of Europe and in North Africa. The Press Department has done much work in providing facilities for foreign correspondents, and organised a series of visits of foreign newspaper editors. The Turkish editors' visit last year is regarded as having had considerable influence on the signature of the Anglo-Turkish Pact*

***Deputy Secretary-Generals** are F. R. Cowell and Boyd Tollinton, both seconded to the Council from the Foreign Office. Mr. Cowell is a Civil Servant who was at the Ministry of Information before joining the Council. Mr. Tollinton is in the Consular Service, and his special task is to supervise the Council's work in the Near East*



Picture-hanging *were the host, actress Viola Johnstone, novelist Bridget Chetwynd and artist Theyre Lee-Elliott. Mrs. Chetwynd has just finished her third novel, "Crown of Stars," which is due out after Christmas. Theyre Lee-Elliott, known for his ballet pictures as well as his brilliant poster-designing, is now busy on Government publicity work and also as an air-raid warden*

Picture-gazing *was actor-producer John Wyse, who took some examples of his host's glamour-portraiture on to the floor for detailed study. He is in Donald Wolfit's production of "Henry V" at the Strand (lunch-time Shakespeare), also teaches at the R.A.D.A. and was in the recent broadcast of "Hamlet" with Gielgud in the name part. Trixie, the terrier, was found shivering on a heap of bomb-produced rubble and adopted her new master with pleasure*

Photographer *Russell Sedgwick was the "guest artist" at Anthony's studio opening and took all the photographs on these t except this one which his host took of him taking Margot*

Photographer *Gordon Anthony sat in front of his new windows a to one of his guests while she talked into the telephone. She Johnstone, actress and exhibition skater among other things. She on tour recently in the new Shaw play "The Millionairess" Edith Evans and Ronald Squire), which but for the Blitz would be at*

Studio Opening

Photographer Gordon Anthony Gave a House-warming Party, Air Raid Notwithstanding

Gordon Anthony, whose photographs, and especially his ballet photographs, are not unknown to "Bystander" readers, has just moved his studio from Cromwell Place to the Fulham Road. To celebrate this Blitzkrieg removal (though oddly enough he didn't go because he had been bombed out) he gave a small house-warming party, which coincided suitably with an alert, and at which these pictures were taken. A new book of Anthony ballet pictures is due to come out during the autumn, this time a collection of studies of *The Sleeping Princess* as produced at Sadler's Wells, with articles by Ninette de Valois, Nadia Benois, Arnold Haskell, and Constant Lambert. Gordon Anthony is the brother of the Vic-Wells ballet director, Ninette de Valois

***Ballerina** Margot Fonteyn and actor-writer-producer Emlyn Williams were two of Gordon Anthony's guests. She has now gone off on an E.N.S.A. tour with the Vic-Wells ballet. He is busy on a new film, "This England" (see p. 114), has one play, "The Corn is Green," on the New York stage, with Ethel Barrymore in it, and another, "The Light of Heart," being filmed in Hollywood, with John Barrymore as star*

Anthony

Constance Cummings—Heroine of "This England"

American Constance Cummings has been chosen as heroine of a new film with dialogue by Emlyn Williams, so far called *This England.* She is working on it now, with John Clements as her opposite number in the love interest, and with Emlyn Williams as a farm labourer from 1940 all the way back to the Roman Conquest of Britain. The last big picture she appeared in was also as English as can be—Dorothy Sayers' *Busman's Honeymoon,* for which Robert Montgomery came from Hollywood to play Lord Peter Wimsey. Constance Cummings has made London her home since 1933, when she came over for the first time to play in a film, *Channel Crossing,* and met and married playwright Benn Levy. She 's been back to act in New York since, but her own fireside is in Chelsea, where she and her husband built themselves a house worthy of Beverly Hills

Anne Shirley in "Saturday's Children"

Deserted wife is Anne Shirley in Maxwell Anderson's Pulitzer Prize play, "Saturday's Children," which has now been filmed and shows at the Warner Theatre. In private life Anne is married to screen actor John Payne. She began her career by playing the lead in "Alice in Wonderland." Since then she has mostly played adolescent and ingénue parts. She reaches full stardom in this, her latest role

Jeanette MacDonald in "New Moon"

Abducted aristocrat is Jeanette MacDonald's lot in the film version of the Sigmund Romberg operetta, "New Moon." There are compensations, however, for the abductor is Nelson Eddy. This musical shows at the Regal. Indefatigable, Jeanette and Nelson Eddy are working on another operetta, Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet." This will be filmed in technicolour. In the film, Jeanette will dance as well as sing. Producer is Britisher Victor Saville

Three Damsels in Distress

Carol Landis in "Mystery Sea Raider"

Shanghaied blonde on a Nazi commerce raider is shapely Carol Landis, Hollywood's latest find, in her part as heroine of "Mystery Sea Raider." Kidnapped by German agents, she proves in the end that a blonde can be beautiful without being dumb. Possessor of a keen sense of humour, Carol is athletic and was first noticed for the perfection of her figure. A graduate of the legitimate stage, she convinced producers she could act. Results will be seen at the Plaza

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I said, I reckon it 's time you went to the shelter"

Films of the Day

Suspense Without Sense, by Hitchcock

By George Campbell

"KEEP your lights going—they 're the only lights left in the world," cries the hero of *Foreign Correspondent*, broadcasting to America from London, as the lights go out and the studio rocks to the roar of bombs. Just what he meant I don't know. Some critics interpreted his exhortation as an appeal to America to join in; but if darkened lights be the symbol of war his meaning was obviously "Keep out."

Not, of course, that it matters. The sense in a Hitchcock picture practically never does. There are a dozen moments in *Foreign Correspondent* when it looks as if somebody will act sensibly and stop the plot. Mr. Hitchcock sees to it that any such temptation is resisted; the hunt goes on. Right at the beginning the American reporter hero shares a taxi with a Dutch statesman, guest of honour at a big peace luncheon at the Savoy. They walk in together, yet when it is announced a few minutes later that the statesman is unavoidably absent it never occurs to the newshound that this is a little odd and may bear looking into. Even when he finds that the Dutchman has been (a) kidnapped, (b) interviewed in a Dutch windmill; and (c) rescued from a house in London to which he has somehow been spirited across the Channel, probably by levitation—even then the American and English reporters, represented as aces of their kind, don't bother to write a story; the American because he has fallen for the enemy agent's daughter, the Englishman for the still quainter reason that the agent has not yet been arrested.

YOU see, of course, what Mr. Hitchcock is up to, in that ingenious, ingenuous, high-spirited way of his. He wants to crowd the girl, her father and the two reporters into one transatlantic 'plane and then have the fun of shooting them down. Why the Germans in the warship are potting at their own star agent, and why he is making for America at all, and not Germany or one of the countries then neutral, are questions that nobody asks, so we needn't bother about the answers. It is enough that it makes a corking climax to a thriller full of incident exciting in itself, however implausible the context. Mr. Hitchcock, like that other great master of hokum, Cecil B. de Mille, despises the writer and adores the cameraman: his talent is visual, not literary. Planning any given scene, he asks himself what is its biggest, most grotesque, most photogenic feature. A windmill, a lofty hotel with the hero climbing about the face, a cathedral tower, a rocking, roaring 'plane—somehow, with a bit of plot-juggling, he squeezes them all in; and if you dull your mind to whys and hows, the result is generally a satisfactory smack in the solar plexus.

THE suspense is particularly effective in the scene on top of Westminster Cathedral tower, with Edmund Gwenn, as the genial and murderous little Cockney, waiting for his chance to push the reporter over. Chattering schoolboys are dragged off at last; the arrival of a girl stays his hand, but she has no head for heights ("I know just how you feel," confides the professional assassin paternally) and has to rush below; at last they are alone. There is a brilliant little shot of Mr. Gwenn, eyes glittering, hands outstretched, charging like a buffalo at the man gazing from the parapet at the ant-like pedestrians below; a flash of a body whirling sickeningly through space; and then (to preserve the suspense, just in case you are mug enough to think it was the reporter who bounced on the pavement) a change of scene.

AND now, quite characteristically, Mr. Hitchcock grows very naughty indeed. He has achieved his object; he must now account for his hero's preservation, and he doesn't care a brass farthing how he does it. In that he resembles another master of melodrama—a popular serial writer (and I don't mean Edgar Wallace) who was apt to be dilatory with his copy. One day, just one instalment ahead of the printer, he left his hero bound hand and foot down a well, and vanished for twenty-four hours. Half-a-dozen staff men with some skill in fiction were turned by the frantic editor on to the next instalment. But how to get the hero from the bottom of the well? Escape by fraying his bonds on a piece of projecting masonry? Too slow—he 'd be sure to drown. Broken glass? Quicker, but how could he hold it? A Shavian eel for this soggy Androcles? Far too comic and fantastic.

Many inventions had been tried and rejected when, at the last moment, the author strolled in with his copy and a hangover. All rushed to see how the master-mind solved the apparently insoluble. "Bursting his bonds with one mighty effort, Johnny rose to the surface." That was all. Mr. Hitchcock gives his hero a single line, "I don't know now what made me step aside," and lets it go at that.

BY way of compensation there are first-rate things in *Foreign Correspondent*—thrills that lift you to the edge of your seat and touches of agreeable comedy for which we should, I fancy, thank Robert Benchley. Apart from scoring heavily as a new kind of correspondent—he has got by for twenty-five years on gin and official hand-outs—Mr. Benchley is part-author of the script. The little foreigner with the maniacally friendly grin, talking a language nobody understands; the villager who tries to cross the road for a jug of beer, only to be turned back again and again by passing cars, and gives it up, when they have all gone, as if resigned to a universe of speeding madmen—if these are not Mr. Benchley's creations they have all the Benchley earmarks.

The acting, too, is admirable all round. Joel McCrea and George Sanders make a nice team as the reporters, Laraine Day has a fresh sincerity I found charming, Herbert Marshall is the slickest and suavest of Fifth Columnists, and in the role of the Dutchman Albert Basserman (remember him as Koch in "Dr. Ehrlich"?) gives a brilliant and moving study in disillusionment and pain. Here is a great actor.

*"**Foreign Correspondent**," which Mr. Campbell reviews at length above, is a thriller about journalists, from a book by a journalist, Vincent Sheean, and has one journalist playing in it. Robert Benchley is a well-known critic (he reviews plays for the "New Yorker") and humorist who now writes and acts for the screen. Some of the "Foreign Correspondent" script is his, and he plays the part of a gin-loving newspaperman. Here he is (left) with the hero, Joel McCrea. (More pictures of the film appeared in last week's issue.)*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Miss Shirley Osborne

Shirley Osborne will be married next month to a V.C., Second Lieut. Richard Annand, Durham Light Infantry, only son of the late Lieut.-Com., and Mrs. W. M. Annand. His father was killed in 1915 at Gallipoli. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Osborne, of the Red House, Selsey, Sussex

Bassano

The Hon. Nadine Stonor

Nadine Stonor, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Camoys, of Stonor Park, Oxon., and Sonybrook, Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., is engaged to Captain Charles Donald Leslie Pepys, K.O.Y.L.I. (attached Somaliland Camel Corps), elder son of the late Col. Gerald Pepys, and Mrs. Pepys, of 1, Hurlingham Gdns., S.W.

Catherine Bell

Miss Mary FitzRoy

Mary Angela FitzRoy is the daughter of the Speaker of the House of Commons, Captain Oliver FitzRoy, R.N., and Mrs. FitzRoy, of the Speaker's House, Westminster. She is to marry, on Nov. 2nd, Anthony Dermont Musker, Coldstream Guards, younger son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker, of Rushford Hall, Thetford, Norfolk

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Peter Ewen Brodie

Betty Eve Middlebrook Horsfall was married at St. John's, Notting Hill, to Peter Ewen Brodie, younger son of the late Captain E. J. Brodie, of Lethen, Nairn, and Mrs. Ian Campbell, of Auchindoune, Cawdor. She is the younger daughter of the late T. M. Horsfall, of Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, and Mrs. Horsfall, of 50, Ladbroke Grove, W.11

Navana

Mrs. R. H. Bellamy

Kathleen (Bunty) Lascelles was married to Robert Hugh Bellamy, D.C.L.I., at St. Thomas's, Salisbury. She is the second daughter of Sir Alfred Lascelles, K.C., and Lady Lascelles, of Terrington, York. He is the youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. Bellamy, and Mrs. Bellamy, of 61, Cottesmore Court, W.8

Lenare

Mrs. Claude Worrall

Celia Mary Moore, second daughter of Captain Charles Moore, and the late Lady Dorothie Moore, of the Pavilion, Hampton Court Palace, and Mooresfort, Tipperary, was married at St. Joseph's, Avon Dassett, to Capt. Claude P. M. Worrall, Devonshire Regt., son of Colonel and Mrs. P. R. Worrall, of Bitham Hall, Avon Dassett, Warwickshire

(Continued on page 124)

COMPANION PIECES

By JOYCE GRENFELL

No. 3

The Friend Who Knits

THERE is nothing either friendly or kind
About those who say, "Do come and talk to me while I sit
And knit."
They can't talk, because they must count,
And you can't keep your mind
On a subject all night long
While they get what went wrong right.
And just when you are settling down with a book
You have to hold while they wind;
Or they wound you with a look.
Another thing that makes me mad
Is the way they cannot add.
So you do that for them
And then they say you must be wrong,
Because they know it has been sixty-six all along;
And they add it up again
In vain,
For it is still sixty-five.
And then they are rather cross and stop ribbing and begin to moss,
Which means they must concentrate
While you wait.
So you sit back once more
And feel a bore
Until they get into the swing
Of the thing
And can knit and listen at the same time.
But they can't do this for ever,
Because, even though they may be wonderfully clever
About languages or playing the lyre,
They get into an awful muddle over the heel
(Or the neck,
Or the back,
Or the sleeve)
And they feel
Like throwing the whole thing on to the fire.
Why, even the really good ones who, while making a glove, can read,
Need
Time out to consult the pattern;
And this they cannot manage alone,
So you try to atone
For adding up correctly just now
By helping them to see how
They are going to be able
To master the intricate cable.
It is only at the end,
When the garment is ready to send
To the Army
(Or the Navy,
Or the Air Force)
And they are temporarily out of wool
That they show the least sign of remembering that they have invited a friend
To come and talk to them while they sit
And knit.
I've decided, as a last resource
And means of holding up my own end,
To send
For a beginner's course
In this patriotic art,
And by dint of much concentration
I hope that I too may be
Able to create wool-wear for an A.B.
(Or a soldier,
Or an airman)
And thereby benefit the nation.

Designed for Comfort

Skirts and tops are well in the front line again, carefully matched or sharply contrasted. For all-day work or walking this Gor-ray "Koneray" pleated skirt is practical and attractive, since the pleats are specially designed not to pull out of place when the skirt is worn. They taper off towards the waist, giving a slim, moulded hipline. One of the tweed models is shown below, but there are others in pin stripes, in plain worsteds and in twelve different tartans. If they are not available at your usual shop, write to Evelyn House, 62, Oxford Street, for information

Comfort is a good antidote for strained nerves, and in winter comfort in clothes means wool. A collection of leisure clothes for black-out evenings, recently shown by the Wool Development Department of the International Wool Secretariat, proves how varied and charming woollen fashions can be. The stay-at-home outfit above, from Gooch's of Knightsbridge, includes a soft woollen housecoat worn over fine jersey pyjamas. In a stimulating blend of cyclamen and dahlia purples, it will brighten your shelter and keep the draughts at bay

Photographs by Peter Clark

From Director to Wren: Hat and Sleeve Badges of the W.R.N.S.

***Officers** wear this three-cornered hat with badge of blue oak leaves, silver anchor, gold and red crown*

Following upon the page of A.T.S. rank markings in the previous issue, we show this week the grades of the Women's Royal Naval Service. This corps, reformed last year, continues the fine work it did in the last war. Its scope is to be increased again, and it is hoped that by Christmas the Wrens will take over a large proportion of the shore duties done by men. To this end a great new recruiting campaign has been opened (also for the A.T.S. and W.A.A.F.). Signallers in Morse code, telegraphists, telephonists, teleprinters, pay clerks, stewards, and cooks—all are required. Shown on this page are sleeve markings and badges of officers and enlisted ranks of the W.R.N.S.

***Director** and Deputy Directors of the W.R.N.S. are equal to Commodore 1st class and Captains in the R.N. respectively. The only woman to hold the rank of Director is Mrs. Laughton Matthews. The next ranks, wearing the same sleeve stripes as their naval equivalents, are Superintendent (Commander), Chief Officer (Lieutenant-Commander), First Officer (Lieutenant), and Second Officer (Sub-Lieutenant)*

***Chief Petty Officer Wren** wears this hat badge, has three buttons horizontally on her sleeve*

***Petty Officer Wren** has this hat badge with two buttons vertically on the sleeve*

***Rating** of the W.R.N.S. wears this hat. Rank is same as Ordinary Seaman in the Fleet. Of plain cloth, the hat carries a band denoting the naval establishment to which the Wren belongs*

***Leading Wren** wears this anchor badge, which is equivalent to Leading Seaman in the Royal Navy*

New Recruits Are Wanted to Qualify for These Badges

Wren Officers' Cook

Wren Cook

Wren Officers' Steward

Wren Supply

Wren Writer

Wren Signals

"Bystander" Short Story

In the Heart

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Illustration by Edgar Spenceley

"Them big hands caught most of the load"

I TOOK the Negro directly from the chain gang. I do not believe it was that fact, however, that filled my coloured man and woman, Joe and Etta, with the same unreasoning fear that a dog shows in the presence of an unidentified danger. I think it was the sheer look of the man. I have never seen a bigger black, nor an uglier one. I myself was startled when I saw him at the pump-stand and heard his deep rumble, requesting water.

I remember that Joe, close behind him, and Etta and I on the back porch, all stared in hypnosis at his bulk; at his head like a square block of creosote; his winglike ears, cut straight across, ending in points; at his arms, hanging loose like a pair of cottonmouth moccasins; and finally, jointed to the arms, as though they had a unique life of their own, a pair of paws like a gorilla's—huge, sinewy, not quite believable.

I said to Etta, "Give him a cup."

We watched him pump. The heavy handle lifted and fell like a twig in his hand. He drank again and again. He was wet with sweat from long walking. He wiped his jowls on his sleeve. I heard him grunt. Something had attracted his apelike attention. He shuffled with a peculiar directness to my garden and leaned his arms on the five-foot fence.

He said, "This ain't no kind of a garden."

Joe looked at me uncertainly, as though for my order to the intruder to move on. A moment's perversity made me withhold it. Joe's distaste for garden work, his stubborn neglect of my flowers and vegetables, had long been a sore point between us.

I said, solely for the effect on Joe, "My man doesn't know anything about garden work."

The strange black gripped the fence and turned his face toward me. It had the intensity of a gargoyle.

He said, "I got to get me a piece o' work. I 'm fresh off the gang. Leave me make you a garden."

Joe said furiously, "Nigger, get goin'."

His presumption precipitated a decision I should not otherwise have made. I saw the situation as made to order for shaming him into future attention to my garden plot.

The stranger said, "I kin make a garden. I got the livin' hand."

I said, "Good. You can get to work right away. The hoe and the hand plough are in the first room in the barn. The fertilizer is under the shed."

He ambled toward the barn. Joe threw out his arms.

"Missy, 'fore God, you hirin' us trouble. Livin' hand! You look at them hands? I 'se seed that kind before. He got the killin' hand."

I was as angry as he. My anger, I know now, was not for his challenge to my judgment and my authority, but a cover for my own uneasiness before the fear in the eyes of the black man and woman who looked, with the prescience of their race, into a terrible unseen.

I said, "Get back to your grove work."

I called after the newcomer, "What 's your name?"

"Calls me Black Bat," he said.

I HAD no intention of keeping Bat more than two or three days, to make my point and serve my disciplinary purpose. But when I saw my garden rouse, and breathe, and come to green, new life, I weakened. The rows were straight and clean. As though blessing his labour, the first rain in weeks followed his weeding and fertilizing. The feathered tops of the young carrots stood up with vigour. The spindling broccoli stretched and spread out sturdy arms.

In the section of the garden that I kept for my flowers, the change was even more miraculous. Rose bushes that had been lank and famished were in a few days ruddy with the new growth that presaged bloom. Bat asked for seedling plants. I bought snapdragon and stock, larkspur and schizanthus, all the fragile flowers I had longed for. He set them out, and they seemed never to have known another home than the soil of my garden. I could not endure the thought of their drooping and finally dying, like their neglected predecessors, and Bat stayed on.

Joe and Etta were sullen. They looked at me with the unhappiness of dogs that have been whipped unjustly. I kept my own uncertainty stubbornly to myself. They had nothing to do with the intruder. They kept the door of the tenant house shut at night against him. By day, Etta wore the key of her house pinned on the front of her uniform. Bat slept in the barn. He came to the back door for his plates of food, which Etta handed him with a darting gesture, stepping away from him quickly, as though she fed a thing that would slash before she could avoid it.

I left the three of them alone on the place together over a week-end. As I drove away, Joe and Etta watched after my car with a look of helpless betrayal. I felt a moment's temptation to relieve them, to take Bat to the quarters in the neighbouring village while I should be gone. But it seemed to me that it would be an admission of error to acknowledge their fear.

The sheriff called me long-distance on Sunday afternoon at an East Coast café. My man, Joe Wilkins, he shouted over the buzzing wire, had shot another Negro.

"It was a big buck he called Bat," the sheriff said. "I 'd 've shot a nigger looked like that one myself. It looks like a clean case of self-defence. I figured you wouldn't want your help locked up, so I didn't bother Joe. You can go bond for him when you get back."

I heard his breathing, waiting for my thanks for the courtesy often extended landowners in our section, whereby the local law puts the seignorial rights over Negro workers ahead of such meaningless abstractions as justice.

I said, "Thanks, so much. I 'll see you to-morrow. The other man—Bat. Is he dead?"

"No, Ma'am. He 's in the hospital. A few shots in the ribs. Them big hands caught most of the load."

I went back, half-sick and guilty, to the festive clatter of the café.

THERE are times when one's confusion as to right and wrong seems to run in a desperate and unbreakable circle. On my return to my grove, I was torn between the feeling that Joe had perhaps acted precipitously, shooting out of panic rather than necessity, and his own quiet statement that Bat had "come at him."

"With them big hands," he said. "I done tol' you he had the killin' hand. Sheriff say I done right."

Again I could only say, "Get on with your grove work."

But I could not set aside a feeling of responsibility to Bat himself. I went to the hospital to see him: to make arrangements for his care and for the rudiments of comfort that it seemed to me I owed him in payment of my own obstinacy.

It was impossible for me to read the expression on the grotesque mask that was his face. It grimaced, with what feeling I could not tell. His huge hands were bandaged. In their wrappings they were as big as hams. A few inches of fingers protruded from the gauze, and these he was manipulating. He pulled each finger in turn, crooked it, then massaged it with a circular motion.

"Doc say maybe I ain't goin' to get to use these no more. Doc wrong." He dropped one finger after the other, like a practising piano player. "I got use for these hands," he said. "I got somethin' I 'm fixin' to do."

(Concluded on page 128)

***Founder** of the squadron is the famous Colonel, now Group Captain, Charles Sweeny. One of the leading spirits of the Escadrille Lafayette in the last war, he looks skyward at his new command*

***Critics** of a display by one of their squadron mates are Edwin Orbison, of Sacramento, Cal., Byron Kennerley, of Pasadena, Cal., Richard Moore, of Dunca, Okl., and James McGinnis, of Hollywood, Cal. As an all-American group, they will strike hard blows for liberty*

Talons of the Eagle

American Pilots Form Fighter Squadron With the R.A.F.

"Though we are neutral," remarked President Roosevelt, "we need not be neutral in thought." A number of American pilots have gone even further than this; they have joined the R.A.F. and will fight Nazi aggression with deeds. Under their Commanding Officer, the renowned Group Captain Charles Sweeny, they have formed a unit which is known as the Eagle Squadron and has as its emblem the spread eagle of the U.S.A. This design, approved by the King, will be worn on the right arm. Squadron Leader of the Eagles, W. E. G. Taylor, has been in action with the Fleet Air Arm since the beginning of the war. On this page are pictures of some of the Eagle Squadron's interesting personalities

***Eagle** in the All-American squadron is Stanley Kolendorski, of Lakehurst, N.J., who is of Polish extraction and who lost two of his relations who fought under the Polish Eagle; he means to avenge them. John Ayre, of Milwaukee, Wis., resigned his commission in the U.S. Army Reserve to fight for Britain. Fighting Squadron Leader W. E. G. Taylor, of Kansas, will command the unit in battle*

***Brood** of the Eagle Squadron are these pilots who have just come in from a training flight. Experienced airmen all, they are learning the ways of the high-performance machines of the R.A.F. There are already thirty-four American pilots completing their training in this country, and more are on the way. Some of the pilots had seen action in France until the collapse of that country forced them to cease fighting*

Getting Married : *(Continued from page 118)*

Guinness — Bernard

Sub-Lieut. Patrick Robert Cecil Guinness, R.N., only son of the late Capt. E. C. Guinness, and Mrs. Guinness, of Hazel End, Bishop's Stortford, Herts., and Patricia Rosemary Bernard, youngest daughter of Com. W. R. Bernard, R.N., and Mrs. Bernard, of 48, Radnor Walk, S.W.3, were married at Farnham Church, Bishop's Stortford

Craig — Swann

Dr. James Wallace Craig, of 9, Lanchester Road, N.6, son of the late Professor Sir James Craig, M.P., and Lady Craig, of 18, Merrion Square, Dublin, and Elizabeth Swann, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Swann, of Strathore, Haslemere, Surrey, were married at Haslemere Parish Church

Greig — Colville

Lieut. James Anthony Greig, and Juliet Felicia Colville, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. K. N. Colville, of 10, The Terrace, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, were married at the R.M.C. Chapel. He is the fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Greig, of War Coppice House, Caterham, Surrey

Turquet — Hunter

Lieut. Pierre Turquet, R.A.M.C., an international fencer, son of the late André Turquet, and Mrs. Turquet, of 89, Great Russell Street, W.C.1, married Clare Hunter at the St. Joan of Arc Church, Frensham. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunter, of 5, Upper Phillimore Gdns., W.9, and Easeway, Frensham, Surrey

Chillingworth — Lancefield

Thomas Henry Chillingworth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Chillingworth, of the Baily, Co. Dublin, and Vida Agnes Lancefield, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Lancefield, of 12, Belgrave Court, Chiswick, were married at St. Martin - in - the - Fields

Heath — Walter

Capt. Geoffrey Harry Dillon Heath, R.A., and Diana Valentine Walter, daughter of Capt. C. H. Walter and Mrs. Valentine Walter, of 83, Portsea Hall, Connaught Square, W.2, were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Heath, of Sidcup, Kent. She is in the new Flanagan and Allen show, "Very Tasty, Very Sweet"

Bassano

Mrs. James Johnston

Margery Oldham, only daughter of the late Arthur Oldham, and Mrs. Oldham, of 9, Welbeck Avenue, Hove, and granddaughter of the late Judge Sir George Sherston Baker, Bt., was married ten days ago to James Johnston, of Kateshridge, Co. Down

Patricia Ryan

Is engaged to Aidan Storey, 3/32 Punjab Regiment (attached I.A.O.C.), son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Storey, of Everingham, Yorks. She is the daughter of the late F. D. Ryan, Conservator of Forests, Nigeria, and Mrs. Ryan, of the Sanctuary, Morden, Surrey

Harlip

Constance Ovens

Constance Geraldine Margaret Ovens, daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. R. M. Ovens, of Aughnagaddy House, Co. Donegal, and Mytchett Heath, Aldershot, has recently announced her engagement to a soldier, Capt. Michael Stephen Hancock, Royal Signals, son of the late Rev. W. H. M. and Mrs. Hancock

Brenda Roe

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. John Roe, of Wilmslow, Cheshire, and is engaged to Alan Swinden, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. T. Swinden, of Sheffield. His father is an internationally known metallurgist and a director of research for a big steel combine. Her father is a leading Manchester publicist

(Concluded on page 126)

BENTLEY

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BRYLCREEM — THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

Getting Married : *(Continued from page 124)*

Roberts — Sherwin

Squadron Leader Brian Roberts, R.A.F., second son of Major Rutherford and Mrs. Stewart Clark, and grandson of the late Sir James Roberts, Bt., and Margaret Sherwin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherwin, of Loxwood, Sussex, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Mann — Bowden-Smith

Sub-Lieut. John Ashley Mann, R.N.R., son of H. G. Mann, of 4, Abbey Lodge, N.W., and Mrs. F. M. Mann, of Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Alison Grace Bowden-Smith, daughter of the late J. R. Bowden-Smith, and Mrs. Bowden-Smith, of 16, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

Pearson — Shelmerdine

Sec.-Lieut. Peter H. Pearson and Rosemary Blanche Shelmerdine were married at Mayfield Church. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pearson, of Allan Down, Rotherfield, Sussex. Hers are Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Shelmerdine, of Knowle, Mayfield, Sussex

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in Wartime

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 13

WE help the war effort if we buy what happens to be plentiful in our own locality. Stocks naturally vary a little in different parts of the country, but here is a "plenty list" which applies to most places:

HOME-KILLED MEAT · COFFEE · POTATOES
OATMEAL · HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to Dry Apples

We may be short of apples later in the year—through bringing munitions instead of apples in the ships from Canada. So here is a way of preserving the present supply—it can be used for windfalls or blemished fruit.

Wipe the apples, remove cores with a round corer and peel thinly. Cut out any blemishes. Slice into rings about ¼" thick. Steep the rings for 10 minutes in water containing 1½ ozs. salt to the gallon.

Thread the rings on sticks or spread on slatted trays or cake racks covered with muslin. Dry in a very cool oven (leaving the door open to let the steam escape) or over a hot cylinder or on the rack of a stove, until they resemble chamois leather. The temperature should not exceed 120° F. At this heat the process usually takes about 4 hours. Turn once or twice during drying. Cool for 12 hours, then pack in paper bags, jars or tins and store in a dry place.

How to Make Porridge

A double saucepan or porringer is excellent for making porridge. If you have not got one, use a 2 lb. stone jam jar in a saucepan of boiling water.

Allow 2 ozs. medium oatmeal to 1 pint water. Bring the water to the boil. Sprinkle in the oatmeal, stirring all the time. Sprinkle slowly so that the water does not go off the boil. Boil and stir for 5 minutes, then put in a level teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan and simmer for about 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.

If you have a hay-box (see Food Facts No. 12 for how to make one) boil the porridge for 5 minutes as before, then leave in the hay-box all night. In the morning reheat and serve.

Two Ways with Swedes

BAKED

Swedes are delicious baked round the joint. Peel them thinly, cut into neat cubes and arrange round the meat in the baking tin. Baste from time to time. When they are golden brown they are ready.

MASHED

If preferred, boil the swedes in a very little salted water until tender. Drain (using the water for gravy) and mash with a little dripping. Add a dash of pepper and serve piping hot.

Home-Killed Meat

Buy home-killed meat — and so assist our farmers and help to build up our reserves of imported meat. This needn't increase your housekeeping bills. Home-killed second quality is as good as imported and just as cheap. For instance, home-killed second quality boneless silverside, which goes such a long way with carrots and dumplings, costs 1/4d per lb.

Beef cuts for stews are excellent bargains. Boneless neck of beef (1/2d per lb. first quality and 10d. second quality) is ideal pie and pudding meat. You can make rich soups from clod and sticking, or knee joints (get the butcher to crack the bones for you).

Other economical cuts are brisket of beef, breast of mutton, sheeps' hearts, hand with foot (pork), and knuckle of veal.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Underground Assurance . . . Lloyd's During an Air Raid

Setting an example for some of its more vulnerable clients, Lloyd's goes into the depths when enemy bombers approach. They carry on 60 ft. below ground in a £50,000 steel and concrete shelter that has all the amenities. Food, cigarettes, hair-cuts and even theatre tickets are obtainable in this establishment within an establishment. Two hundred underwriters sit at marked places and the brokers find them easily with the help of famous "caller" J. E. Watson, and transact business quickly. Though sirens may wail, the 5,000 employees in Lloyd's building may be assured and work without a qualm. They are A.1 risks

In the Heart

(Continued from page 122)

I hurried from the room. I drove home in a chill numbness, studying my way out of the maze of danger I had so carelessly established. Joe was right. By the time I turned up the drive to my house, I had thought myself clear. I had been the medium of damage, above all to my own people's trust in me. There need be no final, cataclysmic harm. Two weeks for Bat's recovery, the hospital said. Within the week I would pay the bill and send him money to go away. I would ask the sheriff to see him definitely on the train.

I said to Joe, "The grove is looking fine," and he understood my assurance and my apology.

I SHALL never recall the morning that Black Bat reached my place without a moment of the old shaken feeling. I walked out into the grove and there he stood. I think I have never felt so terrifying a sense of my fallibility. He stood as still as the trunks of the orange trees.

Then Joe walked casually from behind the power-house. He looked at me, and turned to where I stared. Black Bat moved toward us. He lifted his hands. The nightmare was complete.

I would not live those moments of paralysis over again for an added year of life. Joe moved a step closer to me, as though there might be a brief respite under the shelter of my white authority. Bat turned the palms of his hands upwards. Their greyness was scarred with livid, half-healed wounds.

"I still got my hands," he said.

I think Joe screamed. I 'm not sure.

"Keep them hands off me. Don't touch me. Don't——"

Bat sighed. The sound came from his deep chest like wind in the grove.

"You puts me low in my mind," he said. He made a hopeless gesture toward me. "All my life things has been this-a-way. I ain't never harmed nobody. Everybody feered of me. All my life. Niggers mis-entrustin'. White folks shuttin' me up. Cain't git me no friend, cain't git me no wife, cain't git me no chillun. Folks jest looks at me, never asks what I got in my heart."

He threw back his head.

"Please lemme git to my garden. I been frettin'. Layin' up in the bed. 'Got to git my hands right,' I says. 'All them little young things in that garden hongry for Black Bat's hands.'"

He walked past us and pushed open the garden gate. He dropped to his knees beside the seedling marigolds. His fingers felt among them.

"Wind and rain got you beat down," he grumbled. "How they 'spect you to grow up, dirt and weeds 'round yo' necks ? Lemme turn you loose——"

I stared at his hands. They were the hands of a black father, cradling the helpless children of the earth.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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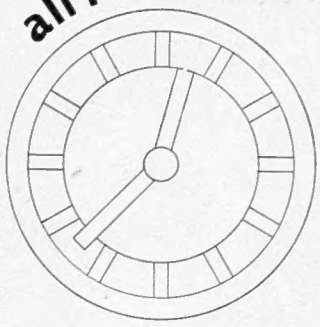

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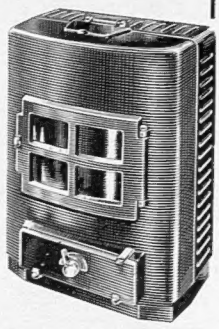

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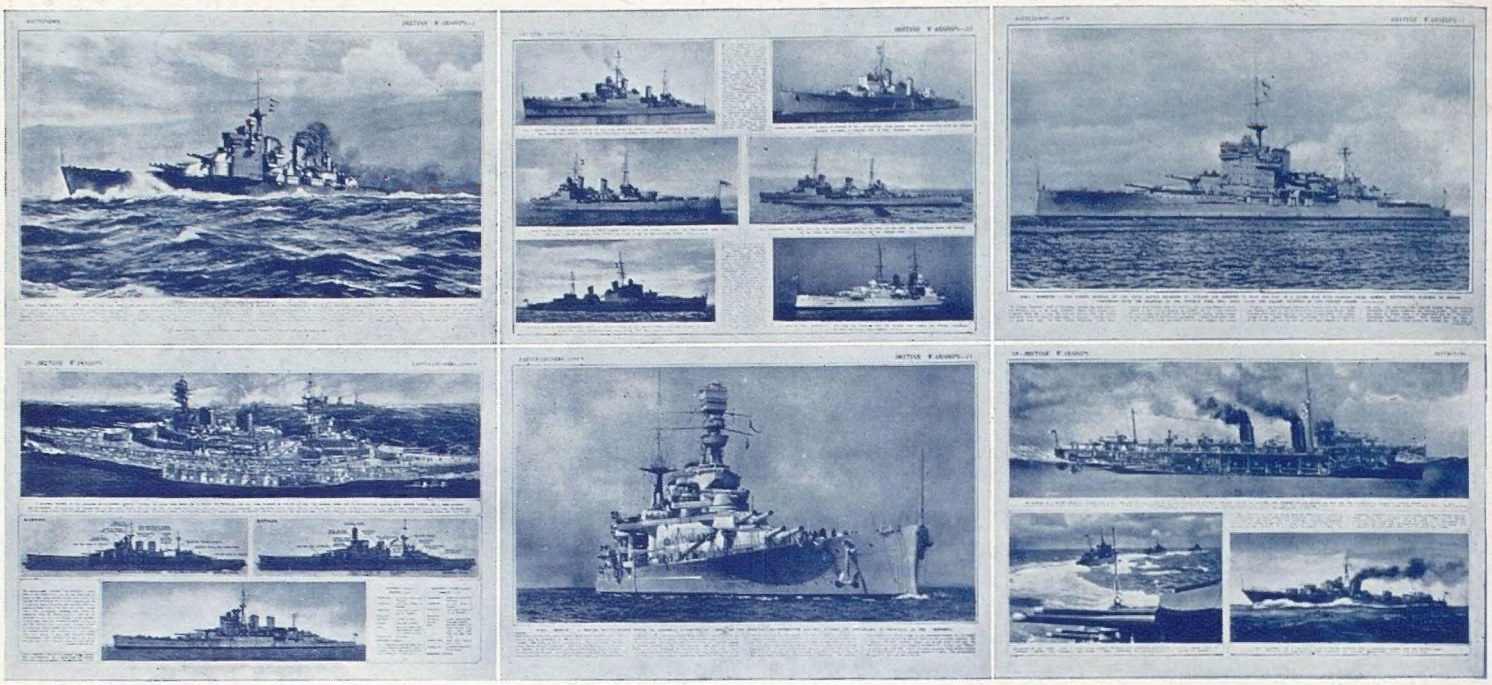

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